

BRANDON MAIL.

Thursday, Sept. 7th, 1883.

THE HILL OF SEVEN TREES.

You know that long blue hill which one can see from Teagong on a clear day? I mean the one on the top of which grows an irregular circle of six tall iron-barks, with a dead one in the centre, 'Ston Tree Hill.' It is usually called for short, but the Indian translation of the name is—

"The Hill of Seven Trees." Well, that hill was a scene of an adventure which though it ended agreeably enough, yet began in a misfortune threatened in a very different terminology, and indeed, it had not been for what Foster is fond of calling my phenomenal luck, and the fact that I have apparently as many lives as a cat, I should probably not be here today to tell the story.

I was out after a long of desperation, when their departure threw all previous bush horrors into the shade. They were known from the name of their leaders as 'The Flower Boys' and as a career had been remarkably successful, though individually, of course they suffered from time to time. Eight of them still remained at large, and they kept the country side pretty lively, carrying out their plans in so clever a manner that it was impossible to catch them, which kept them to earth.

What became of all the money and valuables they secured, or how they got rid of them, is hard to say. No doubt, many of the smaller settlers of the border sort were in their pay, and vast sums must have been expended in keeping shut the mouths of these gentle. But we were certain that notwithstanding this, the police must be staved off somewhere, and a moment or round the camp fires, we often speculated as to who the luck man would be to discover the hoard.

The blazing hot February the gang came down in force upon a pack of tools who had been lucky at Tambo-poo, and disdaining the services of the escort, started to take their dash down to Sydney on their own account. Things leapt out at the gang, and no doubt some of the flower boys were on the prowl for news. At any rate, on the second night of their journey the 'ticky five' as they were called, were halled up, and making some resistance, were shot down and all their gold stolen. It was a few days before the master came to light, and then, with four picked men, I set to work to search the country for Flower and his gang, for it was pretty certain they were at the bottom of the outrage.

We had been out about a week, with never a hint of the men we were after, when one day, as we were riding, rather aimlessly over a long flat Foster who was on the right, brought up his horse with a sudden jerk, and sprang to the ground with a sharp exclamation.

"What is it, Tom?" I called out.

He stooped to pick up something then ran towards me. "Look see, you'll be interested. What do you make of this?"

"What?" I asked, leaning over my horse's neck as he came up. Foster had up a small nugget of pure gold.

"Nuggets don't grow on this kind of soil," said he.

"No, and diggers don't come this way down to Sydney," put in Longmore.

What do you suppose it means?" queried Foster.

"I did not answer him, and the men for discussing the matter among themselves. Indeed, I had scarcely heard Foster's question, for the moment I saw that I was clinging to the trunk of a sausara tree, which grew out and made a convenient angle, into which I had fallen, and but for which I should doubtless have gone the way of the rock. While my arms clung to the tree, my body lay stretched on a small projecting ledge so that I soon realized that all danger was past, and I lay, and losing my grip of the tree, fell myself all over, and stretched my legs to see if any bones were broken. No, I was badly bruised and shaken, but otherwise quite unharmed, and I took a fresh grip of the tree, intending to haul myself up into a more comfortable position, when in an instant I stiffened into immobility, and lay as still as a snake in the sand, my a buried in my arms, lost the sound of my breathing, and lay, pray me, the way was the reason. Two men lay on the ground, sleeping heavily and snoring loudly; while a third sat warming his hands over the blaze, his back turned to the entrance, and evidently quite unsuspicious.

I made up my mind at once, and strode into the cave without any attempt at concealment, for I felt that I had the game in my hand. The fellow I had come across, of course 'Hulky Bill' he grunted without looking round. Had enough watching? told you there was nothing up. He's up a cup of this and turn in? And he stretched out his hand to a bottle, to which he had evidently been paying close attention. Take a sup before you lay down, he reiterated, and then, as he turned his head, and saw me, "Why, what's that? Here we up, Ned! Wake up, chicken!" he cried, and springing to his feet, he picked his revolver from his belt.

"Put on your hands," I shouted, covering him.

For answer he rushed at me, firing as he came. His bullet grazed my cheek, and I felt a sharp stinging pain as if a red hot wire had been drawn across it. In another moment we should have been in grips, when I pulled the trigger. The ball took him squarely between the eyes, and he fell in a heap at my feet. Not a second's pause did I have my pistol pointed at the others.

"Throw up your hands!" I cried. "Throw 'em up, I repeated savagely, as one fellow's hand stole to his belt. Up with 'em, or I fire!"

They dared not resist, for I had the drop on them and they knew it.

"Now, throw your barks on the ground and stand up!" They did so. "Now your kalves, Right. Kick them over here!" And as last they stood there, as hanging a couple of rags to the Venetian gondolas. The resemblance, however, is confined to contour, for while the gondolas are gorgeous with paint and plush upholstery, the Quonkhi canoes are rude weather-beaten craft.

On the morning above mentioned, Hawmssat, chief of the Quonkhi, had gone out in his canoe, for a constitutional along the Lagoon. He had dilled leisurely along with his nephew, his nephew in the bow, the chieftain cewed with surprise at the majestic boulders around him and bowed reverently to the golden statue of the Republic as he entered the great basin, probably thinking it an idol.

Presently at the west end of the basin, a gondola, manipulated by two athletic gondoliers, named Giuseppe Martine and Enrico Salini, shot out from beneath the bridge and glided swiftly past the Quonkhi canoes.

"They're done this time, Chikken," said Ned with an oath.

"Yes, I said; you are so you'd best be quiet. Are there any more of you about?"

"Now, growled the Chikken. "Where's Flower, then?" I asked.

"Where you won't find him," said Ned.

"You keep a civil tongue in your head," reported Ned, you pick up that to the right and tie the Chikken's hands behind his back, and if you don't get it done before I count ten, I'll blow your ugly head off. Quick, now!"

With a savage snarl Ned obeyed; and as he tied the last knot, I slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists before he had time to realize what I was about, whipped a turn of the rope around his waist, and tied the two of them burst into a torrent of ferocious curses. I searched the cave through without finding anything for my pain.

"Shut up!" I said, taking the slack end of the rope in my hand. "Keep your breath till you get to Sydney. You'll want it all then. And now, march!"

"Where to?" growled the front fellow.

"Down the gully. You lead me to the face of the hill. And mark me if you attempt to play any tricks, you'll get a mighty short shrift. On you go."

They had started in silent silence, and once on the ledge outside walked to the left, where hidden in the shadow of the great boulder, was a narrow track.

"Now, lad," I said, we must search this hill thoroughly. Go slow, for we have plenty of time before us, and

the work must be well done. Spread out in a long line, and examine every inch of the ground. If one of you should discover anything he thinks I ought to know, let him hoot three like the mopeke, and I'll join him. The same cry thrice repeated will be it nothing comes of it all, we'll rendezvous at this point at sunrise. Be very careful. The moon will soon begin to appear, and then you must take advantage of whatever cover you can find. Above all, don't hurry. To your places."

We started in an extended line, like skirmishers. Foster on the extreme left, Peterson next, then myself, while Longmore took up his position on the right.

For some time we worked on without result, and not a sound broke the stillness of the night. Then, suddenly, from the left came the mournful notes of the mopeke, thrice repeated.

"Confound it!" I thought. "I wish the signal had come from the other side. One can never trust Tom Foster except in a fight."

However, there was no help for it, and I turned and made my way in the direction of the sound, wondering what mopeke had discovered, and gradually the ground seemed to roll from under me, and in the next moment I felt myself falling, falling, through what seemed in the pitchy darkness an infinity of space. Instantly the horrifying thought shot through my brain, "I have gone over the edge of the cliff!" and then I plunged violently into a thick shrub-covered bank of rock, which was off again, crashing through it, and was off again, and, and clutching madly at whatever came in my way, till at last my headlong course was arrested by some hard object, against I came sideways with a fearful thump, which nearly knocked all the remaining breath out of my body. Then, as I felt myself slipping away again, I made a desperate effort to recover myself, and flung my arms round the support which I had found, and pressed it to my heart. I lay, within a foot of the bush-bringer, head. He yawned and turned in his tracks to go back to the hole, and, turning, looked straight down the guming barrel. It was all over, and I lay, with a groan, and the sound of them in an indescribable shadow of them. As I lay, I heard the unexpected sight and departing nothing less than instant death, the man stepped back wards mechanically, one foot went over the ledge, and then, throwing up his arms, he fell with a shrill shriek into the gloomy depths below.

I had not anticipated so sudden and terrible a result, but I had no time to take in the horror of it all. The situation was instinctive, and I braced myself to it. So thrusting my body into my belt, I grasped the tree, swinging myself silently down, and drawing again, stood prepared for whatever might follow. I stood on the platform about two feet from the mouth of a great hole in the mountain side, into which I could not see for a wall of rock which projected between me and it. But as I stood, a voice came from within in sleepy tones: "What's up, Bill?" An other rock.

"I did not answer, and the voice continued: "Bill, I say, Bill." Judging it unsafe to keep silence any longer, I answered in a gruff whisper: "What's up, Bill?"

"Did you call?" we all inquired.

"Why, here's another of 'em," he answered, and held up a small nugget between his finger and thumb.

"Aha!" said we, "we are on a hot seat, boys. Search among the roots."

They did so without any result, while to all interrogations the two prisoners remained obstinately silent.

The tree is hollow," said Longmore at last; "but there is an opening at the base. Perhaps higher up."

"By Jove! you're struck, Jack," I cried. "I wondered what all that rope was for to keep silence any longer. I answered in a gruff whisper: "What's up, Bill?"

"Did you call?"

"No, it was a curfew." And fortunately the weird wailing scream of that bird rang out on the air as I spoke.

"That's all right, then," growled the voice, and silence reigned once more.

I allowed a minute or two to elapse, and then, warmed my round the fire, and looked upon a strange scene.

In front of me was a vast hole, one of those natural excavations so common in the mountains, a place altogether about the size of an ordinary room, with a wide floor, and a roof sloping away to a narrow angle at the back. On the floor was a fire of logs, which had recently been stoked, and no doubt the smoke issuing from the hole, unobscured by the ruffians, had been that seen by us in the afternoon. Two men lay on the ground, sleeping heavily and snoring loudly; while a third sat warming his hands over the blaze, his back turned to the entrance, and evidently quite unsuspicious.

"Stand from under the tree, and with all his might, and at last, from a wide hole in the straight trunk rolled up, his head he wrenched, what looked like a bundle of rats.

"Stand from under the tree, and cast the thing in your feet, swinging round to the ground a moment later he was up in an old flannel shirt, tightly rolled up, and with the sleeves knotted round it for security. I untied them, and as the end fell apart, the moonbeams poured a flood of radiance upon a great heap of nuggets and gold dust.

"Hurrish!" shouted my men; while Peterson exclaimed: "That's good enough for one haul! I should think!"

"Rather," I said. "There must be about a hundred ounces here. But this can't be all the 'ticky five' had more than that by a good deal!"

"It's all you'll get," put in Ned, with an oath. "The rest of the stuff is still in the hole."

"Here's no mistake about it this time.

Was tugging away at something with all his might, and at last, from a wide hole in the straight trunk rolled up, his head he wrenched, what looked like a bundle of rats.

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OUR LUCKY FAIR SEX

GOOD READING FOR AMERICAN WOMEN OF TODAY.

Olive Harper Says They Are Treated Better Than Anywhere Else on Earth—How Europeans Use Their Wives—Our Men Not Bad Creatures.

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THE MAYBE that taking the needs of American women, as they are developed by our advanced civilization, lacks as much in life here to complete their happiness as there is lacking to that of the most wretched of her sisters in other countries. But it seems to me that if our women would thoughtfully pass in review the lives and status of the women in foreign countries they would find so much to be thankful for that they would be ashamed to talk of woman's down trodden condition here.

In the very first place there is no country in the earth where men are so kind, so indulgent to their wives, or who treat them with such a sincere respect and show such a chivalric sense of politeness to women in general. Of course there are men who fall short, but I honestly believe that if we could study up the genealogy of each rude man, we would find it but the lingering traces of his foreign ancestry cropping up to the surface, like the hidden ledges of stone on a hillside. The true American man does not want a wife for what fortune she will bring him nor to have her work to support him, but to make him a home, a sacred spot and a refuge from all outward worries. How few women realize that this is a high and noble thing to do, and how very few reach the standard they could attain! And when they fail to make that home all that their husbands have hoped for, and disappointment on one side and unfulfilled duty on the other bring differences, the man grows morose and the woman wants to vote. As if anything on earth can take the place of a sacred duty!

I do not want to enter into a discussion of these questions, and will only say that in all my long and varied experience I have always noticed that the happiest women are those who give the best efforts of their lives to making and keeping happy homes and asking nothing beyond the approbation of their consciences, their children's welfare and their husband's love. There are many men, it is true, who do not deserve good homes and wives, but there are also many women who don't deserve either who think they do.

What I want to make clear is this: Women have opportunities here that no other country affords them. Intellect and courage will find their level in this country. The girl who can only be an operative will stay one, but out of thousands of such rose Lucy Larcom. The late Mary Booth worked at vest making for a tailoring house in her young days, and sat with a French grammar before her while setting the stitches, and we all know what she attained. There is scarcely any avenue closed to intelligent and diligent women. Women fill important positions in every branch of business and have gained a great reputation for honesty, more for that, I fear, than personal proficiency. Still we need not be ashamed of what women have done here.

The men are led to do men's work—that which requires a man's strength and power. But look at women in Europe! What do we see there? Women crowded out of all intellectual employ and put into the fields to do man's labor. In Germany you see women bent, wrinkled, old before their time, plowing, digging, building houses, making roads, carrying stones, laying railroad tracks, working in the harvest field, pulling caravels, carrying water through the streets, sawing wood and in many other equally laborious employs. They can scarcely ever read and hardly know the meaning of home except as a place to throw their tired bodies down at night after they have cooked for their resting husbands to eat. The German peasant woman, the Swiss, the Hollanders and, above all, the Russian and Bohemian peasant women are treated more like beasts than human by their husbands and sons. They receive no consideration for any of women's weaknesses and hardly know they have souls to be saved.

The Italian women take life easier than the thrifty German races, but still they do more work than the men, get less pay and are beaten regularly, as are the most of the women mentioned above. They are absolutely broken in spirit like oxen to the plow.

The Austrian, Bavarian, Hungarian and nearly all the Slavonic races expect their women to do the drudgery in the fields, and nearly all the public works in those countries have as many women as men toiling as laborers. I once saw a whole steamer loaded with Russian and Bulgarian women and men, going to Constantinople, their labor having been contracted for on a railroad. There is a story told that an embankment was in danger of being washed away, there being nothing to stop the little fissure with. "Take a woman," the contractor cried, and the nearest one was seized and pushed into the hole. This shows the consideration shown for them. The Greeks say I have a child when a son is born; a girl is called only a girl, and not a child, in France women do the hardest and most menial of the labor. In the country they must do all their share of the outdoor work and cook and keep house besides, and the Frenchwomen do nearly all the heavy lifting as porters everywhere. They work with the men as fishers; in fact, bear the heaviest burdens everywhere. This for the peasantry. The middle classes in France find employ in many other ways and trades, but the less said about the majority of this class the better. They

cannot marry, being poor, and they can not rise above the positions they occupy and often fall below it. In Germany few girls work as clerks, copyists or any honorable employ. Either it is domestic service for them or field work or none at all, unless a little music teaching or some other of the starving trades. It is not considered "respectable" to work at anything away from home.

The wives of all the better class of people in all countries—I mean the merchants and tradesmen and skilled artisans—have the happiest lives in that they have nothing to do but keep their homes, but when it comes to an equality with their husbands, a chivalric tendency from them or any voice in the government of home affairs, or indeed any manifestation of a distinct individuality, it is not tolerated for an instant. A woman is only a woman and must keep her place, which is far beneath that designed by God and her nature for her. The German races are not remarkable for sentiment toward their wives.

We all know how woman is a chattel to be bought, sold or given away all through the orient, where they are fed and sheltered, but treated like irresponsible beings. Perhaps the only places where the young girls have a voice in the choice of husband are Bulgaria, Roumania and Montenegro. In all the other countries they are sold or given away like dogs or cats, and treated like dogs after.

The aristocratic classes abroad do not treat their wives much better, though the women are certainly not required to labor in the field. A certain amount of ceremonious outward show of politeness and regard for appearances hides the fact that a man can do as he likes and a woman is an inferior being fit only to be governed, scolded, flattered and deceived. Foreign men will not admit a woman's possession of intellect, business capacity, or right to a proper consideration for such qualities. The French cover their contempt for women sometimes, but generally it is patent enough.

In short, the German sees in woman an ox to work, the oriental a toy to play with, the Russian a brute beast, the Englishman a butt for his ill humor and inherent tyranny, and the Frenchman a frivolous creature of no use, unless she either contributes to his financial support or his hidden pleasures and neither does he feel that even the outside polish and veneer of politeness is due, unless she is young and pretty or very rich.

English women, we all know, are groaning under a burden of brutality and injustice, which it will take a century of the practice of the new agitation of the question there to make bearable. It is a wonder how any woman marries, knowing how abject a creature she must become if her husband chooses to exercise upon her all the cruelties the law permits him. The poor girls and women there have to toil in the coal mines, in agricultural labor and in factories, and there is no escape from such a life, and the gentry find life has its burdens, which are born of their unjust laws and the inherent brutality of their husbands. I have seen a baronet deliberately kick over the tea table and another "honorable" slap his wife's face before a whole roomful. A woman must bear all these things for her children's sake, for she cannot take them away from him, but he can take them away from her in short, he makes her aware that he is her "lord and master."

There is not one country that I know of where women are as happy and enjoy as many blessings, have such a field of honest labor, so much consideration from the other sex, so much wise and just laws for their benefit, where there are so many avenues for the development of intellectual gifts as there are here, and there certainly is no land where a wife and mother is so well protected in her rights. For men in America to realize a wrong or injustice to women is to set in motion that complicated machinery that results in a new law for her fuller protection. Women in this country are to all intents and purposes free agents. They can buy and sell, have a separate bank account, will away their property, enter into a business partnership with another than their husbands, and do everything that a man does, even holding public offices, but they cannot all vote and when they do get that long fought for privilege they will not be satisfied until they have disfranchised men. Then they will possibly be satisfied, but until that time it might relieve their discontent and unhappiness by seriously comparing their legal, social and physical condition with that of the women of all classes in foreign countries.

Of course this is a more or less superficial treatment of a wide and deep subject, but the deeper thinkers go into it and the more they study the different phases of the condition of women in other countries the more they ought to be satisfied with the existing state of things in America. And it is not to women's legislation that we owe it, but to our men, who are not such bad creatures after all.

OLIVE HARPER

The young ladies of Toledo are in advance of those of most other cities. At an age when most girls are reading wretched, sickly novels they have organized and are keeping alive—very much alive—a political equality club.

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Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Impoverished and impure blood is always effectively restored to vigorous condition by this wonderful remedy. Cures Coughs, Colds and all Wasting Diseases. Almost as palatable as Milk.

Prepared only by Scott & Sons, Belleville.

MUNRO & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN WINES,

LIQUORS, & CIGARS.

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Brandon Steam Laundry.

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CRAWFORD BROS., Prop.

Experienced hands engaged and first-class work guaranteed.

Special attention given to mail orders by mail, all \$2 orders express paid one way. Family washing 40¢ a dozen, un starched goods. Lists sent on application. All work sent C. O. D.

Family washing, including all washing in family un starched, 40¢ per dozen.

Family washing without table napkins, handkerchiefs and small pieces, 60¢ per dozen.

Specialty of Lace Curtains and Shirts and Collars.

Agents wanted in all towns, good commission paid.

All goods not paid for on delivery will be left at City Agents' store until called for. Terms strictly cash.

City Agent:

J. E. Aylsworth,
Opp. Fleming Block, Rosser Ave.

BRANDON.

SAFE



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BRISTOL'S

SUGAR-COATED

INFALLIBLE

VEGETABLE

PILLS

PROMPT

EASY TO TAKE

FEED A COLD

Yes, but feed it with Scott's Emulsion.

Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.

SCOTT'S

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Of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

strengthens Weak Lungs, checks all

Wasting Diseases and is a remarkable

Flesh Producer. Almost as Palatable as

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Illustration: Degraded European women.

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In cases of
Diphtheria
Delay is
dangerous
PERRY DAVIS'
PAINKILLER
will quickly cure
Diphtheria, Quinsy,
Coughs, Colds,
and
Sore Throat.
25¢ BOTTLE.

THE PEOPLE'S HOME GUARD!
D. & L. EMULSION
ON SENTRY DUTY



It will guard you securely from disease

YOU
Have a Very Bad Cough,
Are Suffering From Lung Troubles,
Have Lost Flesh Through Illness,
Are Threatened With Consumption.

IT WILL
Cure That Cough,
Heal Your Lungs,
Put Flesh On Your Bones,
Prevent Consumption.

SMALL & LARGE BOTTLES 50¢ & \$1.00.

IT IS VERY PLEASANT TO TAKE.
Ask for and be sure you get the "D. & L. Emulsion."

ATLIER'S
WILD BERRY
TODIC
CHOLERA
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DYSENTERY
SUMMER COMPLAINTS
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Price 35cts
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

E. H. MANCHESTER,

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is again ready to attend to the House Cleaning and other work in his line. He is determined this Spring to cause the people to appreciate him as a Kalsomine, Paper, Plastic and Fresco Decorator. Also Wall Tinting, Graining, Glazing, Gilding, Writing, Frosting, done in a workmanlike manner. None but first-class mechanics employed.

Estimates given on prospected work. Designs of various lines of Dwellings, Churches, Society Halls and Opera House Decorations at hand to make plain to prospectors.

Shop 8th St., 2 doors south Louise Avenue.

Telephone 227, P.O. Box 421.
BRANDON, MAN.

A HOME FOR THE DYING.

AN IRISH HOSPICE WHERE THE DYING FIND REST.

The Inn of Strange Meetings and Partings
Where the Innmates Await Death, Not
Fearing It—A Beautiful Charitable
Home Near Dublin.

The only home in all kind Christendom for the friendless dying is that established some 12 years ago by the Irish Sisters of Charity at Harold's Cross, a suburb of Dublin.

Every day living folks walk or drive in knowing they will come out again to the world for foremost. It is not at all suggestive of dreaminess, the Hospice for the Dying—"Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying" is the full title on the big brass plate at the gate. "Hospice"—the name is a tender one, suggestive of a place for rest in wind-swept, snow-clad hills, where one pauses a little to gain strength before the descent through the treacherous valleys.

It is hard to realize, entering the old house, that under its roof of death's wings are, for once, a haven of peace. The house belongs to the Sisters, and it is brown and homely and kind, like the face of a friend. Part of it is coated in heavy grey, whence the windows look out light-grey, bright eyes, and against the grey greenery and the old brick are brilliant window braces of scarlet and lime and yellow. The beds on the lawn are in like cheerful colors.

The front rooms, kept as reception rooms are old and sweet, with fine old-fashioned furniture and brown walls. He goes upstairs into a long, cheerful ward. It is showery weather, and through the open windows come the soft low twitters of the birds and the scent of leaves after rains. The beds were all full last winter. Now many of the patients are able to be about since the air is so mild. Where is Judy, the very oldest inhabitant of the hospice, since she had been here nine months—poor Judy, who entertained us with a cheerful cackle as she boiled the kettle? Where is the girl who was sewing in a little ante-chamber, and who, till one looked closely at her hectic cheek, seemed as well as you or I? Alack, the grass is weeping its green woes over them.

The Inn of Strange Meetings and Partings we might call this hospice, where the guests are all birds of passage and homeward bound.

pretty blue-gray with light wood paneling. The mud gray walls, and even merrily when they are not tender and sympathetic. There are flowers on the mantels, and beside the beds there is no, and again a cheerful nosegay amid the medicine bottles. The beds are snowy and soft; the bed curtains are of pink and white flowered chintz. The pink and white flowered chintz. The pink and white flowered chintz. The pink and white flowered chintz.

The Irish, perhaps, die more easily than other people.

The Irish poor die with a firm faith; they even take a half comical interest in their own funerals.

If I die later than Tuesday," said one I knew, "don't have the funeral till Sunday, so I'll have a long following," and another instructed her daughter to place the candles remaining from the wake on the altar of the church that they might "light her into glory."

At the Hospice one felt ashamed confronting these meek sufferers in full health and the joy of living. But they are only grateful to "the kind ladies" that come to visit them. One was a handsome, bearded, dark fellow, his profile melancholy against the pillow. He had been a sort of human sculptor on this very building had cut the ornamentation. "It's the stone dust does it," he said, "it gets into your lungs and cuts them all to pieces."

"Well, well," said the soft-voiced nun, "you are leaving me one behind, my poor boy. If you had lived longer there might have been a wife and children to make going to heaven the harder."

True enough, sister," was the quiet reply.

Then there was the fireman who had had consumption from being wet with the fire engines, and the policeman who had taken cold on duty. There was one terrible case of a poor woman with heart disease, who had also gangrene in the foot. "Tis very bad indeed at times, sister," she said. "I do askin' God to forgive me, for I've often no patience at all, at all." Then there was a boy from Wicklow sitting up in bed to hear the fluting of a bird in the big tree outside his window. "They sing that sweet sometimes," he said, "that I do be thinkin' the angels in heaven couldn't sing sweeter."

There are "paying patients" here, too, lodged in dainty and cheerful little rooms with a peaceful prospect towards the dove gray Dublin mountains. There is no limitation of creed, and side by side with an old Protestant gentleman whose wife and children were dead, there was an old priest from the Rocky Mountains who attributed his heart disease to strain in the days when he rode to the nearest of his flock.

There seemed to be no pain in the presence of death, except for us who came in insolently well and happy. We could not help feeling, indeed, that they looked back at us with a happy and kindly pity from those gates beyond which lies the valley of the shadow, and in them in calm certainty the face of God.

Notes from the Animal World.

An Atchison (Kan.) woman has brought up chickens on the bugs collected from the machinery at the electric light station every morning.

The organist at a Cardiff church found several of the notes soundless. An examination revealed the fact that six birds, including a robin, had built their nests in the pipes.

If a man who weighs 168 pounds were proportionately as strong as a flying beetle of the cockchafer family, he would be able to push along level ground a weight equal to 131 tons.

Flies have long been accused of spreading disease, but it is asserted now from Havana that mosquitoes have a use, for they inoculate men after biting a yellow fever patient the disease which follows is so mild that fatal results are rare.

Bees, according to a statistician, must, in order to collect a pound of clover honey, deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar. To do this an 82,000 flowers must be visited by an aggregate of 3,750,000 bees; or, in other words, to collect his pound of honey one bee must make 3,750,000 trips from and to the hive. As bees are known to fly for miles in quest of suitable fields of operation, it is clear that a single ounce of honey represents millions of miles of travel.

Just Common Folks.

A hundred humble songsters trill The notes that to their lays belong, Where just one nightingale might fill The place just one might fill. And the Fawn comes, and with its smile A soul with healing greatness comes And leaves thousand else the while To be for aye just common folks.

If only sweetest hills were rung, If only streams were all minor chimes; If only grandest poets sing, There'd be no humble little rhymes. The modest, clinging hills and grace The modest, clinging hills and grace. And "mid earth's might is a place" To people with just common folks.

They are the multitudes of earth And mingle ever in the crowd, Elbowing those of equal birth, While the one who is the proudest, Bows to the nascus of a fate.

That sometimes a degree goes Above the lowly, 'neath the great, The millions of just common folks.

They are the multitudes of earth And mingle ever in the crowd, Elbowing those of equal birth, While the one who is the proudest, Bows to the nascus of a fate.

With common gardens, common voices, And common wrongs and common good, God's army of just common folks.

They are the multitudes of earth And mingle ever in the crowd, Elbowing those of equal birth, While the one who is the proudest, Bows to the nascus of a fate.

Contagious Plant Diseases.

All the fungous diseases of plants, such as mildew, scab, blight, rust, etc., are contagious. The contagion is carried from vegetable to vegetable in the diseased leaf, fruit or branch. The presence of any of this diseased material in the soil or on vineyard increases the chance of the appearance and spread of the disease another year. Nothing is so destructive to the fungus spores as fire, and all affected plants, or parts of plants, should be cut out and burned.

A BOAT-SERVICE EPISODE

A Thrilling Experience off the East Coast of Africa.

Rather more than three years ago I was serving as sub-lieutenant on board H. M. S. —, at that time engaged with the rest of the British and German men of war in those waters in the blockade of the German Coast. Africa. The blockade was the result of a kind of compromise. The British wished—as they have always wished—to put down the slave trade, and the Germans to prevent the sale of arms to the native inhabitants of their new colonies. So the two admirals arranged to join forces, and declared a joint blockade of all vessels trading in arms or slaves. Of course, there were other motives in the agreement; but that was the result.

To begin with, the blockade effectually, which ship was allotted a station, for which she became responsible. H. M. S. — was ordered to take charge of the island of Pemba, which, although not properly speaking, a part of the coast, or even including it, there being a channel of half a day's run between them—had nevertheless been included in the blockade. Pemba is the first or northernmost of the three Arab Islands, Pemba, Zanzibar, and Mafua, and was then under the rule of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who, although not, properly speaking, a part of the coast, or even including it, there being a channel of half a day's run between them—had nevertheless been included in the blockade. 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NEWS TOPICS OF A WEEK.

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN FEW WORDS
FOR BUSY READERS.

Record of the Busy World's Happenings
Carefully Compiled and Put into Handy
shape for the Readers of Our Paper.

Owing to the financial stringency the Hamilton Whirl company has made an announcement. The assets are about one-half of that amount.

A bill has been introduced in congress which actually proposes to steal the Red river banks and turn its waters into the Minnesota, over by the construction of a canal.

The Viceroy manufacturing company of Monarchs, makers of machinery for brewers and bottlers assigned this morning to Herman Segnitz who gave a bond of \$10,000.

George Scott, of Peel, has forwarded his resignation to Ottawa for twenty-six years occupancy of the position. The resignation is understood to be due to continued ill-health.

Horse thieves are now harvesting stock along the line of the Soo extension in South Dakota, and farmers are organizing vigilante committees. The first thief caught is to be used as an object lesson for the "safety" of others.

The grasshopper plague is very bad in Hamilton county. The hoppers are sparingly through the fields by thousands, eating newly-sprouted fall wheat and everything green. The farmers think it useless to sow any more fall wheat this year.

Colonel Bowlesley & Co., wholesale dealers in pants of New York and Australia, have become financially embarrassed, and have placed their affairs in hands of their creditors. Their total liabilities are about \$150,000 with nominal assets of about \$210,000.

A great discovery of copper ore, mixed with silver and gold, is reported from the White Cloud Mountains, between East and West Kootenay. The ledge on which copper is said to predominate, is shown to be one of forty feet wide. Seventy or eighty prospectors have set out for the place of the find.

The shipments of cattle from Montreal, are keeping up pretty well in the face of the embargo, in fact they are decidedly better than was expected at the opening of the season. Up to the present 58,405 cattle have been shipped, as compared with 48,126 for the corresponding period last season. All the cattle shipped this year were for stock. The losses so far have been less than usual, only 41 being reported.

In a sermon to his congregation Sunday, the Rev. V. A. Schmid, pastor of St. Patrick's R.C. church, Terra Haute, said: "There is much distress in this parish owing to hard times. I have a deposit in the bank which comprises my savings for some years, and added to the pension I get as a man under this is at the disposal of the destitute so long as it holds out." The sermon caused many persons in the congregation to break into tears.

A shipment of sealskins, valued at \$150,000, consigned to London, England, were shipped from New Westminster over the Great Northern railway. There was active competition among the agents of the various railway lines to secure the big shipment, finally the Great Northern got the lowest and got the order. A smaller consignment, valued at \$30,000, will follow in a few days. The R. P. fitted to the ships.

The cholera reports in London for the last twenty-four hours show one new case and two deaths in Rotterdam, five new cases and no deaths in Leedam, one new case and no deaths in Naples, and one new case and no death in Cassino. The *Scilla-Pest* correspondence names no case of cholera has occurred in that city. In Syria there were fifty-eight new cases and forty-eight deaths reported from Aug. 24 to Aug. 25.

A circular was read in all the Montréal clergies Sunday from Archbishop Fabre announcing that a collection will be taken up in every public church and chapel once a year for the establishment of Roman Catholic seminaries in India. This is in accordance with the popes who has requested all the Catholic bishops of the world to co-operate in the movement. The circular also dealt with entertainments, such as balls and picnics given by benevolent societies for pecuniary interests and strong condemnations of amusements as not being in accordance with the Christian and religious spirit of these organizations.

There was another marriage celebrated the second within a month at the Garry Island Gipsy camp Tuesday night. Queen Olive was married to Edgar Mels by the Rev. A. P. Stockwell, of Gravesend. Mels is a reporter on a New York morning newspaper, and the first time he saw Olive was on July 30, when he came down to report the gipsy wedding. Singularly enough both were arrested for trespassing when the wedding party was visiting the haunted club house, but were shortly after released. Olive is a pretty blonde of 26 years. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Cincinnati. She says she will retire permanently into private life when the season closes.

The big elevator companies of Minnesota having failed to make an agreement with the farmers and banks as to the method of moving the grain crops, have taken the bull by the horns and resolved themselves to push the crop to central markets as fast as possible. Ten elevators were opened Saturday at Lake Crystal, Garden City, Vernon, Ambey, Elmore, Madelia, Brewster, Sheldon, Stony Lake and Montrose. Twenty-six more will be opened on Monday. The companies claim that they have the promise of plenty of funds from Eastern banks and will pay currency or certified checks for all grain purchased.

George P. Wetherbee, of Port Henry, and six young companions, who were sailing in A. Wetherbee's yacht, the Alpha were capsized in Lake Champlain Tuesday. Wetherbee and five of the boys were drowned. Their names were: William Gildea, 13 years old; William Bresler, aged 14 years; Eddie Jobert, aged 12 years and John Wulman, aged 12 years all of Port Henry, and Albert Bresler, aged 12 years, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was a guest of Jobert. Jos. La Bresler saved himself by swimming to the New York shore. The yacht was a twenty-four foot boat and was considered a strong and substantial one. Wetherbee was 22 years old and an all round athlete.

He died in an heroic effort to save young Brush's life.

THE MANITOBA CROP.

A General Report on the State of the Crop in the Prairie Province.

Mr. A. Weir of Winnipeg, has made, under date of Aug. 18, his annual report on the crops of Manitoba to Mr. William Christie, of Toronto, as follows:

A young man, a school teacher in the Rainy River country, arrived in Winnipeg Monday on a decidedly unusual mission. He makes no attempt to conceal the object of his trip, in fact he has been seeking the advice of two or three clergymen and has also interviewed the guests at the hotel where he is staying on the subject. His whole trouble is that he wants a wife. He is receiving a salary of \$500 per year, but the only people he has to associate with are Indians and rough backwoodsman, and his refined soul revolts at the idea of taking one of the dusky nannies to wife, hence his trip to civilization, where he hopes to prevail on some cultured daughter of white parentage to share his solitary lot. The young man is undoubtedly serious in his mission, and as he has communicated his desires to the police any young maid matronly inclined can send in her application to the police station and run her chances of being made happy for life.

The British steamer Cypress, Capt. Guild, with a cargo of phosphate bound from Fernandina via Norfolk, Va., to Rotterdam, which put into Halifax for repairs encountered a terrible hurricane about 100 miles northeast of Cape Bretton on the night of the 23rd, the captain and crew undergoing an experience they will not soon forget. During the night an immense wall of water deluged the ship, swept away all the boats and tore the chart house from the deck and carried it overboard. Capt. Guild who was in the chart house at the time and was also swept overboard and almost immediately carried back on board by a huge lee wave not, however, being severely cut about the face and body. John Nelson, a sailor, was also badly injured, having been dashed against the bulkheads. The chief officer says the wave which did so much damage was the largest he ever saw during thirty years experience at sea. Oil was pumped overboard with good effect in subduing the mountainous sea and the Cypress headed for Halifax.

Miss Nettie Swazie, daughter of Prof. Swazie, principal of Belleville Business College, will leave Belleville this week for Owen Sound, where she will take the steamer for Port Arthur and Winnipeg. At the latter place she will join Mr. Semmens, well-known Methodist missioner, and proceed to Norway House, at the head of Lake Winnipeg, four hundred miles north of the city of Winnipeg, where she will join her sister Rose, who had been acting as missionary at that station for a year or so. Last year Mr. Eves, who had charge of the Methodist mission field at Norway House, met his death by drowning, and it is expected that Dr. Strath, who has been teaching in the same place, will be promoted to the charge of the work. The interesting sequel is the announcement of the marriage in September of Dr. Strath and Miss Rose Swazie. Miss Nettie will remain at Norway House for the benefit of her health. At the end of that time, she is capable of entering mission work, she will be given a field.

Considering how much the car abhors cold water, our readers must often have wondered why sealers are so fond of taking the animal with them on a voyage. This is explained by two circumstances. Marine insurance does not cover damage done to cargo by the depredations of rats; but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship was sent to sea unshipped with a car, he can recover damages from the shipowners. Again a seal found at sea with no living creature on board is considered a derelict, and is forfeited to the Admiralty, the finders, or the Queen. It has often happened that, after a ship has been abandoned some domestic animal—a dog, a canary-bird, or most frequently a cat, from its hatred of facing the waves—has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict.

Caller to Business Manager: "Yesterday I put an advertisement in your paper for a service." Business Manager (slightly): "Yes, sir. And what was the result?" Caller: "I had so many answers that my front steps were worn out and the bell-pull broken. Will you please have them repaired?"

As a magnificent vessel, the property of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, was steaming into Southampton Harbor, a grimy coal lighter boomed immediately in front of it. An officer on board the vessel observing the shot said: "Clear out of the way with that barge."

The lighterman, a native of the Emerald Isle, shouted in reply: "Are you the captain of that vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then speak to ye alights," said Pat: "I'm the captain of this!"

Giraffes, says the Belgian "Reformer," have become absolutely priceless since the Dervishes have occupied the basin of the Upper Nile. They were once to be bought for about \$240 each, now a good giraffe would fetch over \$1,000. The Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris recently refused to sell three very young ones for \$2,000. Elephants on the contrary, rarely vary in price, ranging from between \$160 to \$200.

VALUE OF A TONTINE POLICY.

Remarkable Cash Return in View of the Fact that the Policy was on the "Ordinary Life" Form.

Rutland, Vt., April 13, 1893. W. H. S. Whitehead, General Agent, Burlington, Vt.

Dear Sirs:—Your letter of the 13th, asking me if I have any objection to your quoting the results of my Equitable policy, has been received.

You are welcome to use the following figures, and they ought to be of service to you in obtaining new business.

My policy is No. \$1,280, and was issued May 27th 1873. It is an "Ordinary Life" policy for \$1,000, with a twenty-year Tontine Premium. The statement from the Equitable informs me that I have the choice of several methods of settlement on the 27th of May next. For example, I may retain my policy for \$1,000, and draw a cash dividend of \$830.00, or I can surrender my policy for \$1,263 or paid-up assurance, or I can surrender it for \$1,000, the premium amounting to \$697.33.

The total amount of premiums paid to the company by me during the last twenty years is only \$63,40. The cash surrender value offered me therefore, is a return of all the premiums paid, with interest on the same exceeding 2 1/4 per cent. per annum. I have decided to take the cash value, \$697.33, and surrender policy.

Geo. E. CLARK.

THE RUSSIANS AT HOME.

A Visitor Who Found Them a Pleasant and Hospitable People.

I found them a pleasant, hospitable and social people, always ready to fraternize and help me in every way in their power. I was told sometimes by Englishmen in the country that they were a very childish people; in the ease with which they are willing to be amused this may be so, and also, perhaps, in a certain disregard of conventional proprieties. I remember once seeing a Russian general and a colonel—and it noted that officers invariably wear uniform and swords—sitting on the ledge of a shop window in the principal street, discussing some matter with great interest. One of the largest cities of the empire, and wholly unaware of any incongruity in their position and of my somewhat bewildered stare. Imagine such a scene in Regent street. My tutor, however, assured me it was nothing out of the ordinary, and laughed at my surprise. One certainly meets in the ordinary great middle class (if I may so call the class from which spring the immense majority of officers of the army, ordinary technicians, officials, students, lawyers, professors of the universities, and schools, doctors, merchants, etc.) the class, in fact, among whom the ordinary Englishman finds himself cast in his attempt to live in a family and learn the language which strikes an Englishman as being "not nice" and form a great extent the ground on which we occasionally vote them as barbarous. Small matters to which it would be a pity to attach undue importance, arrest one's attention, as frequently eating with their knives as we use a fork; no salt-spoon either in hotels or in private houses, the ordinary knife being employed to help oneself to salt, sometimes stretching half the length of a table to get at it instead of asking that it should be passed; simplifying the carving of a fowl, for instance, by a liberal use of the fingers, using the same knife and fork for the various courses, and helping oneself to vegetables, etc., by sticking one's fork into the dish and extracting what is required, and many other little points similar in kind.

One common practice should be mentioned. The men and sometimes the ladies, carry about a little pocket comb, which is used in the most unbecoming way anywhere, in a train, at a railway station, or on entering a room, without any apology.

The hair is often worn by the men without any parting, sometimes rather long and bushy or combed back or straight up, which gives them rather wild appearance. These are some of the peculiarities of manner and ways which, however small, somewhat jar an Englishman. In spite of the unique opportunity for skating which their long winter gives them, it is rare to find any Russian who can skate well.—Cornhill.

HOW POISONERS WERE PUNISHED.

executed by the Ancient Romans and named Alive by Our Forefathers.

In ancient Rome poisoning was punished by crucifixion, no matter what the rank of the criminal, although this penalty was usually reserved for slaves. A Roman of respectable station having been convicted of poisoning his master was sentenced to be crucified, but protested against the punishment, and for a gentleman. The emperor therefore ordered the cross to be painted white and otherwise made more presentable than those commonly used.

In England during the reign of Henry VIII., a case of poisoning Parliament enacted a law making boiling to death the penalty.

This law was on the statute books about sixteen years.

It was made retroactive so as to take in a case that of course prompted its enactment—that of Richard Rose, otherwise Coke, the bishop of Rochester's cook, who poisoned seventeen persons, two of whom died.

Coke was haled at Rochester. The infliction was attended with a peculiar cruelty, as Coke was put into a cauldron of cold water and gradually cooked to death.

A few years later, in March, 1542, a young woman named Margaret Davy was punished in a similar way on conviction of poisoning. Boiling to death remained on the statute books, however, as long as Henry reigned, perhaps because the monarch himself had a dread of being poisoned. Immediately after his death Parliament repealed the law.

Among the Turks the usual method of trying and punishing a prisoner is to make him drink his own concoction, if any can be found. Otherwise the accused is half strangled and beaten into a confession. A prisoner who survives the preliminary ordeal but is condemned nevertheless is tortured to death by being spread eagle in the heat of the sun. It is said that up to a recent period the Sultan's list of police employees included a Turkish doctor, expert in poisons, whose duties were not confined to attending the sick and tasting the Sultan's food. The present Sultan has dispensed with the court poisoner.

MARVELS IN MINIATURE.

In a museum of curiosities at Salem, Mass., there is preserved a common cherry seed or stone, hollowed and fashioned like a basket. Within the basket are 12 tiny silver spoons, the shape and finish of which cannot be distinguished with the naked eye. Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived in England during the early part of the eighteenth century, tells of seeing a carved cherry stone which would be a wonder even in this age of fine tools and fine workmanship.

The stone was one from a common cherry, and upon it were carved the heads of 121 Popes, Kings, Queens, Emperors, saints, etc. Small as they must necessarily have been, it is announced on the authority of Prof. Oliver that with a good glass the heads of the Popes and the Kings could readily be distinguished from those of the Queens and saints by their mitres and crowns.

The gentleman who brought this little wonder to England purchased it in Prussia, allowing the original owner to retain it.

Well, now opinion is equally divided, as we can settle it after all.

The stranger offered to explain, but was told that one man's opinion was as good as another's.

Edison's next discovery is to be the direct control of the energy which is stored up in coal. If this is attained, he believes it will have a mighty effect upon civilization than the development of the steam engine or electricity. "Yes, it can be done," he says. "I am sure of that. Some of the details I have already mastered. I think at least I am sure that I know the way to go to work to master them."

I know the way to go to work to master them."

Geo. E. CLARK.

LARGE HOG.

In a western town their lives a woman who has genius for large stories. As she accustomed to say, she "scours pretty details," to say, she "scours pretty details." At a tea party she entertained the company with a description of a hog which her mother fattened "the enormous weight of five thousand pounds."

"Oh, my dear!" ejaculated her husband, "it must have been five hundred pounds."

"Why, Edward Babblett!" exclaimed the narrator, with evident disgust, "the skin weighed that?"

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

GRENTECH—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, and I started to use it and soon found that they were good to equal to it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case.

Bern J. Ren, Wingham, Ont.

Bisulphide of carbon is a great vermin destroyer.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.

South American and Rhumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Rheumatic Complaints in one to three days. Its action upon the skin is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. Seven-five cents. Warranted by all druggists.

A LETTER FROM EMERSON.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it is the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children."

Mas. Wm. Whately, Emerson, Man.

No farm will run itself unless it runs out.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.

The four cardinal points of health are stomach, liver and blood. Wrong action in any of these produces disease. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon the four cardinal points of health at one and the same time, to regulate, strengthen and purify, thus preserving health and removing disease.

Prevention is far more economical than a cure.

OF TIN PERIL.

Lives of children are often endangered by sudden and violent attacks of cholera, cholera-malaria, diarrhea, dysentery and bowel complaints. A reasonable and certain precaution is to keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always on hand.

Brains are good for nothing unless they are used.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.

Headache arises from constipation, bad blood, dyspepsia or liver complaint. As B. B. B. cures all these complaints it is naturally the most successful headache cure existing. Once the cause is removed the headache vanishes.

Every horse on the farm should earn its living.

UNBEARABLE AGONY.

For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry I found great relief and it did not fail to cure me.

Wm. T. Glynn, Wilfield, Ont.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsville, Indiana, says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which did me more good than any \$5 worth of doctoring I ever had in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by all druggists.

"I have you have a friend who is a poet. Don't you find him a horrid nuisance?"

"Oh, dear, no. You see the poor fellow is blind, and whenever he starts reciting his poems to me, I just slip out of the room, have a drink, and get back in time to tell him that they are excellent."

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ICE! ICE!

THE EARLE ICE CO.

Want to keep you cool by supplying you with ice, we are at very reasonable rates.

10 to 12 lbs per day delivered to private families at \$2 per month or \$7.50 for the season.

Special low rates to parties using large quantities.

Call up Telephone 110 and we will call upon you.

EARLE ICE CO.

MARKETS.

The prices paid in the city to farmers at present are as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Wheat..... | 40 to 45 |
| Oats..... | 20 to 25 |
| Barley..... | 21 to 25 |
| Hay, per ton..... | from \$4.00 to \$5.00 |
| Bran, none in the city | |
| Poultry, scarce | |
| Eggs, per dozen..... | 10 to 12½ |
| Butter, per lb..... | 15 to 17 |
| Potatoes..... | 45 |
| Beef, per lb, 1½ weight..... | 3 to 3½ |
| Mutton, per lb..... | 5 to 5½ |
| Pork, per lb..... | 4 |

Local News.

On Monday last the Public School of the city opened.

Threshing is in progress on Mr. Reed's farm north of the city.

Mr. Findley Young, M. P. P. Killarney, paid a visit to the city last week.

Mr. Fred Spears together with a friend drove to their home in Griswold last week.

The telephone company have had a number of new poles erected on Rosser Ave. and other streets during the last few days.

The agent for Massey Harris & Co. Mr. Jas. Johnson, at Griswold, was in the city last week.

A new drain is being made from the post office. The work is rather a nuisance to the men in Griswold.

Work is progressing fairly well on the Industrial School, but there is little chance of it being finished this fall.

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To-morrow is election day.

Rob. Clement, of Winnipeg, is in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. Dupont and daughter, are visitors at Mr. N. J. Halpin's.

The Bell Telephone Co. have a gang of men putting up new poles on Rosser Avenue.

The grocery business lately owned by Arthur Bell has been purchased by Geo. Wood.

James A. Johnstone formerly of this city but now residing in California, is in town.

Rev. Mr. Harding returned from the World's Fair and his trip east on Wednesday last week.

Mr. James Taylor, of Winnipeg, who is travelling for the O'Leary Bros., was in the city on Tuesday last.

Mr. W. J. Lindsay and Mr. Cliffe and family have returned from their trip east and to the World's Fair.

The Hon. T. Mayne Daly arrived here on Tuesday night from Winnipeg, and will likely stay in Brandon for two or three days.

Mr. F. G. A. Henderson, District Registrar, left last week for his old home at Bellville, Ont. It is rumored that the gentleman will return a benefici.

The net proceeds, of the Rev. Dr. Grant's lecture, after paying all the expenses, were \$16.05, which was handed to the treasurer of the general hospital.

The Financial District meeting of the Methodist church, Brandon District, will be held at Oak Lake on the 12th of this month. Mr. F. W. Adams is the delegate from the church here.

The billiard room next to the Brunswick hotel was robbed on Tuesday night of all the cigars and tobacco in stock. The thieves are supposed to have made an entry through one of the windows.

Twenty-three years ago to day, Aug. 31, the Ontario Rifles, attached to General Wolseley's troops arrived in Winnipeg, and a flourishing centre of the trade, commerce and politics, containing about 150 souls. The general himself, with the head of the column, arrived two days before, and the remainder did not arrive till some time later. The boys of the regiment are shaking hands over the event of this week. Tribune.

Grand Forks, N. D., Sept. 4.—Baptist Theriault, a miller at little Salmon river, is in custody on a charge of killing Thomas Mockler, a coroner's jury having returned a verdict to that effect. The tragedy occurred at Theriault's house Thursday when there was a dance to celebrate the son's wedding. Mockler and another boasted that they would clean Theriault out of the place and selected the marriage gathering as the occasion of the raid. The interior of the downstairs presented a terrible scene. The furniture was wrecked and the floor strewn with pieces of flesh and blood. Mockler's body was found on the floor with the top of his head completely blown off. Theriault admits the shooting and says he went to his mill to get him, loaded it with shot and fired at Mockler through the window into the room where they were.

The work at the pumping station is nearly completed. The well is down to its full depth and the concrete bottom laid. The workmen are hard at work building up the sides which will be composed of stone and cement 18 inches thick. The piling for the cellar dam is driven so that the work of laying the piling out into the river will not be delayed. All the machinery is in place and ready to operate. Mr. Speckman the engineer in charge, states that ten days from the outside will see the whole thing in operation.

That grim reaper death has been again busy in our midst. Mr. S. R. Reynolds being the first claimed as his victim. Mr. Reynolds was for a short a partner with Mr. Hobbs in the Merchant's hotel.

About a year ago he went to California and returned a few months later to make Brandon his home. The deceased was but 25 years of age, and was a general favorite. His death of a fever took place on Friday last, and his remains were interred in the cemetery on Sunday under the auspices of the Foresters of which he was a respected member. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful showing the respect the donors had for the deceased friend.

AN AMERICAN REVIEW.

New York, Sept. 4.—The Weekly Financial Review, issued by the banking house of Henry Clews & Co., says: During the past week the financial situation has undergone a marked improvement, and not only in this centre but throughout the country at large. The bank statement of Aug. 26 showed that, upon the week's average, the reserves of the banks remained \$8,700,000 below the minimum; but the actual deficiency, at the end of the week, was probably not over \$4,000,000. Since the use of that statement about \$11,500,000 of gold has been received from Europe, the major portion of which has gone into the banks; and the receipts of money form the shippers have probably sufficed to offset the shipments thither, while the sub-treasury has continued to be debtor at the clearing house. Thus, whatever may be the showing of to-day's statement based upon averages, there can be little question that the banks now, at the end of the week, an amount of extra money in excess of the legal reserve requirements. This has naturally produced a more confident feeling among the banks and though they are not yet materially extending their loans or discounts nor retiring certificates, yet they are getting affairs into form for giving the public the benefit of their improved condition at an early day. Everywhere the interior banks are getting into better shape. Many of those that have suspended are resuming business, and bank drawings upon New York have fallen to normal dimensions. The nearly-courty banks are appearing again as buyers of mercantile paper, which is a significant expression of returning confidence among a very cautious class of lenders.

THE VICTORY.

London Agricultural society hold their fall exhibition at Oak Lake on Tuesday, Oct. 2.

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The stations on the different railway lines in Manitoba which have been closed during the slack season will be opened again in about a fortnight.

The Manitoba team at the D. R. A. matches won in the aggregate about \$200. 00. Lieut. F. R. Mitchell of the 90th is the eleventh man on the Bidey team.

On Tuesday, Sept. 12, he visits Stockton in the afternoon and will hold a meeting at Milford schoolhouse at 7.30 p.m.

The Rev. George Rodgers, superintendent of English church mission, will visit Glenbow on Monday, Sept. 11. On Tuesday, Sept. 12, he visits Stockton in the afternoon and will hold a meeting at Milford schoolhouse at 7.30 p.m.

The insurance companies have lost more money in North Dakota this year than they will regain in several years. The Fargo fire amounted to \$1,125,000, and other fire in Jamestown, Devils Lake, and Bismarck will make the total loss so far this year reach \$1,300,000.

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Viscount d'Aubigny, of Chateau Assy, Normandy, France has returned from an inspection of the Lake Dauphin district. He thinks the country an excellent one for small working farmers with a little capital, and will report in favor of it as a field for settlers of this class on his return to France.

William Postlethwaite, of Whitehead Henry Nichol, John M. Middleton of Elton; John A. McKellar, of Day; and James Lawley, Richard Edward, Albert Leach, Samuel Charles Doran, Cornwallis, are seeking incorporation as "The Brandon Farmer's Elevator, Milling and Trading Company (Limited)."

At Gainsboro on Thursday Samuel McCutcheon's livery stable and dwelling house and Albert Reynolds' store and warehouse were burned. Loss \$3,000 insurance. The cause of the fire is not known. The wind was blowing strong from the northwest. If it had come from the west the whole town would have been burnt up.

The British farm delegates who have been invited by the Dominion government to make a tour of inspection over the whole of the Dominion, and to report thoroughly on its capabilities were guests last week at the Manitoba. They left Saturday morning for a tour M. & N. W. R. accompanied by Mr. Cox of the Dominion Lands department.

William Walker of Winnipeg, has been at Hamilton in the interests of his brother, Mr. Walker, of Niagara, Ont., negotiating for the erection of a flour mill. A special meeting of the municipal council was held, and after half a day spent in considering the matter it was decided to telegraph Mr. Walker of Niagara, offering \$50,000 worth of exemption from taxation for ten years to build a 25,000 bushel capacity elevator and fifty barrel mill.

As an evidence of Brandon's push in educational matters may be quoted its school estimates for the next year. The estimated cost of running the Brandon schools for 1893-4 is \$25,631, of which amount \$15,000 goes to pay the teachers. Brandon has a collegiate institute with a staff of four teachers and is making a strenuous effort to get the province's Normal school located there. In the educational race Portage is still considerably in the rear.

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Previous to opening Classes in Education and Physical Culture, Miss Aleta Paisley will give an Elocution and exhibition in debate with piano accompaniment, in the Opera Hall, Brandon Tuesday Evening next Sept. 12. Price of Hall and Tickets at Christies, Admissions 25 and 50—see posters and programme.

On Tuesday afternoon an assault case of very标榜 character came up before P. M. Todd. A Mr. H. S. Bushell was summoned by George Lump for a cowardly assault on himself and son. It appeared from the evidence produced that Bushell without any provocation struck the Lump with a pick-axe handle. The magistrate fined him \$20.00 and costs. Mr. Todd appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. Petersen for the defendant.

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